



Daniel McMillan was born at Dumbar-ton, Scotland, on March 2, 1819. When a lad of 15 he moved with his parents to England, where he served several years' apprenticeship as a blacksmith. In 1845 he married Janet Davis.

Born and reared a Catholic and remaining devout to this religion nearly 30 years, he studied Mormon literature and listened to missionaries. Finally the family joined the Church as converts of George Q. Cannon. They were baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints early in the year 1849, emigrating to America in 1863, and crossing the sea in an old style sailing ship driven hither and thither by the winds and waves. They crossed the plains with ox teams in the heat, dust and wind, sharing all the hardships and inconveniences of two months' traveling on that 1,000-mile journey. They reached Heber in 1865, where he began plying his trade as blacksmith and with the aid of his loving wife, began to clear what was then a wilderness and make for themselves a happy home. Before their hopes were realized, however, the cruel hand of death visited his home and snatched away the loving wife and mother. In 1871 he married Mrs. Mary M. Mair, who died in 1900. No children were had from the second marriage, but by his first wife he was the father of four: Ephraim, Phebe Han-

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nah, Mary Ellen and William. Three step-children: Mary, Andrew and Alexander Mair. Elva and Annette Olson, two little girls, three and five years old, respectively, were left in their care for a few days by the mother, but she never returned. They were adopted and reared until they married.

Daniel McMillan was known as "Uncle Dan" to everyone who knew him. Heber was his home for over a quarter of a century. Being generous to a fault and without an enemy in the town, his friends were as numerous as his acquaintances. During his long residence here he established for himself a record as a man of integrity and uprightness.

He died at the home of his son, William McMillan, peacefully, as the blotting out of the sun's rays by a passing cloud, on April 29, 1902.

MARY MURDOCH MAIR McMILLAN



Mary Murdoch was born November 23, 1819, at Gaswater, Ayrshire, Scotland. She was the daughter of James and Mary Murray Murdoch. Her father died when he was overcome by damp gas while trying to rescue a fellow worker from a well. This made it necessary for Mary to seek employment as soon as she was old enough. She worked mostly at farm homes, where she learned to milk cows, make butter and cheese, also to tend the cows, and at harvest time worked in the field, as all the grain was bound by hand.

During the winter she attended school. She and her sister Veronica were in the same room one day when Mary was coughing and the teacher told her she must stop coughing or leave the room. Veronica went

to her and whispered in her ear, "Mary, ye dinna ha too."

She helped to knit the family stockings.

When she was about 20 she married Allan Mair, whom she had known since childhood. He was a steady, sober young man, who worked on the farm and herded sheep.

They were strictly religious people, observing the Sabbath and attending the Kirk regularly.

They had a very comfortable home and although its furnishings were plain and simple, they were happy and contented and enjoyed it very much.

They were blessed with nine children. By 1850 the Mormon Elders came to Scotland, preaching a new and strange doctrine. After hearing it, she and her mother were baptized by her brother, John M. Murdoch, who had previously joined the Church and now had the authority to officiate in that capacity.

Her husband refused to hear the new gospel or to have anything to do with it or anyone who had an interest in it.

Although he had given his consent for his wife to be baptized, when she asked his permission this caused some friction in the home, where all had been peace and harmony before.

The Savior had said while here on the earth that His gospel would have just such an effect as it did on this family.

Her brother, John M. Murdoch, and his family and her mother had gone to Utah and she felt she was left quite alone.

But she had received an abiding testimony of the gospel, which gave her much comfort. She had tried to convert her husband, but all to no avail. She lived on in this manner for fifteen years. Her two older sons, James and John, had gone to America and made homes for themselves in the state of Maryland, where they worked in coal mines.

Another son, Foulds, was soon to be married. She had not been able to teach the gospel to any of them and for this she sorrowed greatly—it was the most earnest desire of her heart that her three youngest children would be members of the Church and she could see no other way for this to be accomplished but to leave her husband and home and go to Utah, which to them was Zion.

She confided this to her daughter Mary, who was fourteen.

She told her of her plans and Mary agreed to assist all she could in accomplishing them, and she did.

Although Mary's brother John's two children had died on the way to Utah, also her dear mother departed this life on the dreary plains, crossing the United States while pulling a handcart. Still she felt she wanted to go. As soon as plans were made for going, Mary, the daughter, carried bundles as soon as the mother could get them ready and took them to the home of a friend, to be ready when the time came for them to leave. John Aird was this friend, and he secured passage for them on the sailing vessel "Saint Mark."

The father had been led to believe they were going to visit friends for a short time and had given his permission.

The mother, Mary, Andrew and Alex reached Liverpool in safety, where they boarded the ship in company with other LDS emigrants bound for New York in America.

They had a fairly good voyage crossing the great Atlantic, which took four weeks.

A few days after their departure the father learned of their real whereabouts and sent a cablegram to his sons in Maryland, asking them to meet the ship and see if they could persuade their mother to return, and if not, to at least prevent the children from going to Utah. The boys went to New York, only to find the emigrants had started their westward journey a few days previous.

This family crossed the plains in Andrew Scott's ox train and passed through all the trying experiences of pioneers making that dreary, tiresome journey of 1,000 miles.

They reached their destination at Heber in October, 1866. They went to the home of her brother, John M., whom she had not seen for fourteen years. Here they were royally welcomed. Both John and Mary had passed through many trying experiences and had many sorrowful as well as pleasant tales to tell.

Not long after her arrival in Heber she first married Thomas Todd and later Daniel McMillan, a widower, whose family was grown. He was the village blacksmith and a hard worker, making good wages.

He had very little property when she married him, but through her thrift, economy and hard work she managed to save enough of his means to build them a very nice, red sandstone home, where they lived comfortably many years.

One day a strange woman came with two little girls and asked Mary if she would care for them a day or two, while she went to Park City on urgent business, but she never returned and Mary cared for them as though they were her own until they were married. Elva married Joseph Howarth and Nettie married James Reid Lindsay.

Mary went out as a practical nurse and she did beautiful handwork. She had a stroke and was bedfast 14 years, paralyzed from her waist down. Even through this she was cheerful and most always kept her hands busy doing beautiful netting.

In the spring of 1869 her son John, who worked on the Union Pacific Railroad as a bridge builder from Omaha to Utah, paid his mother a visit. He was quite pleased with what he found and said he was sure they were better off than if they had stayed in Scotland. He had a home, wife and two children in Lawrence, Kansas.

In 1898 her son James, who lived in Maryland, came and visited with her a few weeks, and he too admitted the Mormons were better than he had been led to believe.

Mary Murdoch McMillan died on December 5, 1900, at the age of 81 years. She was loved and respected by all who knew her, and never lost her faith in God or in the gospel for which she had suffered so much.

Her daughter Mary married William Lindsay. Her son Andrew married Mary Ann Thompson. Her son Alex married Eliza Thompson.